

The history

But by degree stand in authentique place:
Take but degree away, vntune that string,
And haire what discord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosomes higher then the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude sonne should strike his father dead.
Force should be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whose endlesse iarre Iustice recides*)
Should loose their names, and so should Iustice to?
Then euery thing include it selfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuersall Woolfe,
(So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last eate vp him selfe.

Great *Agamemnon*,
This chaos when degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking,
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
It hath to clime. The generalls disdaind,
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so euery step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudlesse emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinnewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse stands not in her strength.

Nestor. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discouerd,

The feuer whereof all our power is sick,

Agamem. The nature of the sicknesse found, *Ulysses*
What is the remedie?

Ulysses. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The finnow and the fore-hand of our hoste,
Hauing his care full of his ayrie fame,

Growes

of Troylus and Cresseida.

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him *Patroclus*
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
Breakes scurrelliests,
And with ridiculous and fillie action,
Which (slanderer) he Imitation calls,
He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleesse deputation he puts on,
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lyes in his ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heere the wooden dialogue and sound,
Twixt his stretcht footing and the scoaffollage,
Such to be pitied and ore-rested seeming,
He act; thy greatnesse in. And when he speakes,
Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vn-square,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Tiphon* dropt,
Would seeme hiperboles, at this fustie stuffe,
The large *Achilles* on his prest bed lolling,
From his deepe chest laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
Now play me *Nestor*, hem and stroake thy beard,
As he being drest to some Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
Tis *Nestor* right: now play him me *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night alarme,
And then forsooth the faint defects of age,
Must be the scene of myrth, to cosse and spit,
And with a palseie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the riuet, and at this sport
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
Or giue me ribbs of steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion,
All our abilities guifts, natures shapes,
Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

C

Successe